

**MR. WINDHAM BALDWIN** tells me that he has spent nearly five years on the biography of his father, Earl Baldwin, a first extract from which will be found on Page 8, with "only one object—to put the facts right. People are not god-men."

Mr. Baldwin, who is help-presumptive to the Earldom now held by his elder brother, was much nearer to his father than he himself admits ("We saw each other from time to time") and he followed the parental footsteps into the family engineering firm and into the broader reaches of industry.

Now he lives near Tewkesbury and has written his book in moments snatched from City board meetings and the inevitable rural composites of English country life.

## Sources

Mr. Baldwin has drawn upon certain family papers, "old school reports" and letters; but writing the life of a Prime Minister presents grave problems for a man who has finally achieved peace with party politics ("I am a Baldwinite"). To follow the development of his father's political philosophy he has relied principally on Hansard. "It's his there you know. There's really nothing like Hansard."

He has not consulted the Baldwin papers at Cambridge, which were used by Mr. G. M. Young for the latter's sketch of Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin does not seem with much of that study and one may guess that his publication did in fact provide the impulse for his own biography.

## Keyboard Revolutionary

WHEN Miss Rosalyn Tureck played Bach's "Goldberg Variations" at last year's Edinburgh Festival the critic of "The Times" wrote that it was "not possible to exaggerate the artistic value of her performance."

His words were taken up on every hand and it is not surprising that tonight's concert at the Victoria Albert Museum, where Miss Tureck will repeat her ascent of the 83 of



MISS ROSALYN TURECK

mus, should have been sold out nearly three months in advance. Miss Tureck's career is a triumph of perseverance, as much of art. It took her, for instance, twelve years to master the Chromatic Fantasia & Fugue to the point of being able to play it in one piece, a feat of mingled Turkish and Russian descent, was born in Chicago, gave her first recitals at the age of nine,

and doubtless seemed out out for a virtuoso's career.

## Scholar-Poet

But what marks Miss Tureck out from other pianists, and might indeed be said to have given new depth to her profession is the intellect and comprehending cast of her intelligence. By her own exertions she has brought to the public a new appraisal of Bach's work; her concert programmes at Columbia University and elsewhere, and her complete recording of the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues have been revolutionary in their way as was the monumental work of Heinrich Schütz, a famous study of Bach.

She is poet and scholar in one, and her festive manner and distinctive stature do not altogether conceal the strength of character, the intellectual command, and the enormous reserves of emotion upon which she is able to draw. It is good news that London is to be her base until, at the earliest, June 1957.

## Jubinary

MANLY readers of THE SUNDAY TIMES will join with the staff of this paper in extending, on his nineteenth birthday on Wednesday, warmest good wishes to Mr. W. W. Hadley, who for nearly twenty years was its editor.

Well suited by Hindhead's healthful airs, he remains an avid reader, but Mr. Hadley does not seem with much of that study and one may guess that his publication did in fact provide the impulse for his own biography.

To become a nonagenarian is not exceptional, but next month Mr. Hadley will achieve a further distinction. In 1906 the "Northcliffe Observer" celebrated its fiftieth birthday, produced for the occasion a special supplement most of which was written by Mr. Hadley, then its editor. Next month the paper will celebrate its 100th birthday with another special number, to which Mr. Hadley will again be a contributor.

## Frustrated Food

TOWN dwellers are often baffled by farm economics, but the American agricultural dilemma, as revealed by President Eisenhower last week, became one of the world's enigmas.

At the moment the American Government holds surplus food stocks worth \$2,500 million which it would like to give away to its allies. This cannot be done without incurring the wrath of all the foreign farmers whose markets would be wrecked by such generosity.

The man given the task of writhing with this intricate problem is Mr. Ezra Benson, who was one of the twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church before President Eisenhower persuaded him to become Secretary of Agriculture. He opens conferences with a prayer and in the words of our saviour, "he spends as much on his knees as he does on his feet."

## Chinese Cheese

Mr. Benson, who was once a Mormon missionary in Newcastle, was allowed in 1946 through the Iron Curtain to visit the Communist churches of Poland. Now he has decided that some of his surplus food should be cast over the Curtain—where part of the last harvest has been a drought-stricken failure.

Meanwhile America is still trying to give away its surplus food, with mixed results. One recent scheme involved the distribution of free food parcels among poor families in Hong Kong. Unfortunately the main ingredients of such packages were Wisconsin cheese—and the Chinese who abhor dairy produce, assumed, until they tried to wash with it, that

they had been presented with bars of soap.

The Chinese Communists heard of this blunder and quickly dispatched gifts of chicken and mushrooms to the farmers. The blunder was a generous American gesture into a Communist propaganda victory.

## The Macmillan Way

NOW that Mr. Harold Macmillan is beginning to think of his future, it is not surprising that he is showing sudden interest in "The Middle Way," a book on economic theory written by Mr. Macmillan in 1928.

At that time Mr. Macmillan had persuaded his family publishing firm to print the work of such distinguished economists as Keynes and G. D. H. Cole. His own book reflects an ultra-Keynesian belief in the vigorous virtues of a managed economy and it lends a certain air of credibility to rumours that Mr. Macmillan is now thinking of reimposing some physical controls.

## Overlord Argument

Mr. Macmillan precisely defines the role of Government in the economy, but he is curiously hazy about the role of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He argues in favour of an Economic Council with an "overlord" Minister of Economics. The Treasury would be represented on this council, but the Chancellor would not be a member.

In 1951, Mr. E. A. Butler argued strongly and successfully against the appointment of an economic "overlord"—Lord Waverley has been mentioned as a possible candidate—on the grounds that the post would restrict the power and authority of the Exchequer.

I understand that Mr. Macmillan now foresees his youthful argument and today fully shares Mr. Butler's views.

## Gauzy Marvels

NEXT Thursday's production of "The Magic Flute" at Covent Garden is designed to honour (eight days in advance) the bicentenary of the birth of Mozart.

Mr. John Piper, who has designed the scenery and costumes, is one of our musical interests are wide; not only did he once play the piano in a German band, but he is a highly polished piano-pasticheur, able to improvise at will in a great variety of historical styles. "Extravaganzas" last week in the Royal Opera House, was able to conduct a performance that resolved the scenic hazards of "The Magic Flute" by using innumerable free-flying gnomes in such a way that never for a moment is the march of the twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church before President Eisenhower persuaded him to become Secretary of Agriculture.

It is not only, however, as gaucy that Mr. Piper will this year confront his admirers. On May 15, his first major work in stained glass, a new set of windows for Omdurman Chapel, will be unveiled in the presence of the Queen Mother.

## Chocolate Romance

AFTER mildly tantalising Messrs. Charbonnel and Walker for running out of chocolates during Christmas week, it occurred to me to delve into the history of this famous firm which is now approaching its centenary.

I had visualised the original Charbonnel and Walker as two nineteenth-century merchants, the Charbonnells, the French sweet-tooth, who had teamed up with his English friend, Walker, a local centre dealer with a shrewd business sense, and contacts among the English nobility.

The truth is far more romantic. Mlle Charbonnel and Mlle Minnie

Walker were two young French shop assistants who, in the 1860s, very attracted the attention of Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.

And it was he, I gather, who enticed them away and persuaded them to come over to London and set up in business.

The subsequent fate of the enterprising chocolatiers is shrouded in a mystic mystery, but their recipes have been handed down and many of them are still used today.

## Sweet Hearts

The unique practice of numbering each chocolate according to its centre was introduced just after the Kaiser's war by Mr. James Rose, manager from 1908 until his death in 1938, and his inspiration was the intense dislike of his daughter Marjorie for peppermint creams.

In this Miss Rose, who is no longer connected with the firm, is in a minority. Chocolate peppermint creams are the most popular of Charbonnel and Walker's repertoire of over fifty different centres, the

runners-up being pralines, truffes and gingers.

Always adventurous in their search for new centres, the firm has one obstinate bee in its elegant bonnet. Mr. German, the present manager, tells me: "We have never made milk chocolates and we never shall."

## Red in Tooth and Claw

READING in the papers that a starving buzzard had attacked a baby in a pram and that a pack of twenty hungry stoats had put to flight two farm-hands in Kent, I reflected rather feverishly on the impact the disappearance of the rabbit must be having on the rest of the animal world.

To clear my mind on the recent history of man's relations with the animal kingdom, I asked Colonel Boyle, secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society, if he could tell me how many animal species had become extinct or nearly extinct in the last hundred years or so.

The list is appalling. Apart from such famous examples as the Dodo, Steller's Sea Cow and the Great Auk, the following wild

animals have quite recently been wiped off the face of the earth: the Bluebeak, the Antarctic Wolf, the Quagga, the Leadbeater's Fossom, the Tioch, Wallaby, the Schomberg's Deer, and the Northern Harlequin.

## Almost Exterminated

Other species are also in grave danger:

**TASMANIAN TIGER:** Once existed on the mainland of Australia, but now confined to Western Tasmania.

**THE KOALA AND THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS:** Were saved on the edge of extermination.

**MONK SEAL:** The Mediterranean monk seal now survives only on the coast of Turkey. The West Indian monk seal and the Hawaiian monk seal are either extinct or on the verge of extinction.

**THE JAVAN RHINOCEROS:** The only twenty or thirty animals known to exist are now protected by the Indonesian authorities in West Java.

**THE SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS:** A small hairy animal with two horns. Just survives in Sumatra and Borneo.

**THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS:** Only 600 survive.

**ARABIAN ORYX:** A beautiful white antelope from the deserts of Arabia. Reduced to about 200 in the Great Sandy Desert of South Arabia by hunting with motor vehicles and firearms.

**ANAK:** A fine large antelope from the Sahara. Almost hunted to death by modern weapons mounted in jeeps.

**NYALA:** One of the most beautiful of African antelopes. Larva: Lemurs inhabit Madagascar only and are forest dwellers. Larva: arctomys in the cutting of the forests. The Hairy-eared Mouse Lemur seems to be extinct.

Those who find this list as sad as I do may care to write to the Fauna Preservation Society, care of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

## Literary Invention

WHY authors come to write their books is always interesting, and these are some of the reasons Robert Graves gave a friend when he was in London the other day:

"Any man dies three or four times. One of my was finished by 1929 and I thought it worth while writing about... (Hence 'Good-bye to All That')."

"I was making the bed one morning in Devonshire, during the war, and suddenly it came to me: Milton was a trichomanist... (Wife to Mr. Milton)."

"I happened to be reading Silienus in 1926, and I thought 'There are things here that don't add up. When I need some money I'll come back to them... (Claudius)."

## Flying High

RADIO Free Europe has just produced the first full-length English translation of a notable Russian play, "Wings," by Alexander Kornelchuk, said to be a friend of Mr. Khrushchev.

The play contains an overt attack on the secret police—associated, of course, with the unmentioned Beria, as well as an illuminating picture of venality, incompetence, and general confusion in the Soviet agricultural system. Its political impact is more important; its artistic value, the translation reads like a Soviet version of Mr. Durrell's "Diary."

"The Life of Wings" is taken from the hero's response to a visit that he has paid to Moscow of the Central Committee Plenum in Moscow. The Plenum showed us such a life, such strength that we acquired wings. More than once it seemed to me that I was flying over my entire country."

Mr. Kornelchuk, who has won five Stalin prizes, writes with authority. He is himself a member of the Central Committee.

## Olympic Gold

FROM Cortina, where the winter Olympics are due to begin on January 26, I hear that the prize medals have arrived with the snow. The medallions have been minted in Milan, and there a spokesman for the company concerned has revealed the sad fact that the gold medals are really made of silver gilt.

The second medals, the silvers, quietly slipped off the gold standard at Stockholm in 1912. The last gold medals were made for the London Games of 1908.

The victors have been left to guess that all was not as it seemed from the first.

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